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The Week

PREMIER NITTI appears to be establishing title to first place among the statesmen of the reconstruction period. Apparently his policy of reconciliation with Russia is gaining ground. Each Allied nation, if we may trust the reports from San Remo, is to be left to open relations with Russia if it chooses, and on such terms as it chooses. That would mean the end of the blockade. Nitti's influence also appears to be working effectively toward a saner policy on the German question. Since Millerand conferred with him at San Remo he has been talking much more liberally. He has declared that France is in no way desirous of creating another Alsace-Lorraine situation to be used against her. If that means anything, it means that France is giving up the dream of the Rhine boundary. Nitti has also found a formula by which the conflicting interests of Jugoslavia and Italy might be reconciled. It may be defective, from the point of view of internationalism, but the fact that both states are working together for it means that the danger of war over Fiume has been eliminated.

LLOYD GEORGE has declared that it is all a mistake that he wants to revise the Peace Treaty. Neither does Nitti want to revise it. They mean to enforce it, instead. But they mean to enforce it not as slaves to the letter, but as exponents of the spirit. On the crucial matter of the blank check indemnity, for example, they are for substituting a definite sum, either an annual payment of, say, nine billion marks through thirty years, or a fixed capital sum to be paid with interest. They are not averse to consulting the German government on the point of ability to pay. We shall not quarrel over words. If the indemnity is placed at such a figure as Germany can pay, so that a decent opportunity is left to the Germans to reconstitute their economic life and make good the damages they inflicted, Lloyd George and Nitti may call it enforcement or revision, as they choose.

RECOGNITION of Armenia by the United States comes better late than never. The de facto government with which America now opens official relations has been in existence for two years. Apparently the delay in recognition arose from the hope that the peace treaty with Turkey would confer upon Armenia all the territories to which she is entitled, thus opening the possibility of a different governmental organization from the one established in Erivan. Secretary Colby explicitly states that this recognition "in no way predetermines the territorial frontiers, which, it is understood, are matters for later delimitation."

AMERICANS want Armenia to be free. They want her to be, not a hopeless little pocket in Turkish territory, with resources adequate to the support of only a fragment of the Armenian people, but a state growing normally on the soil historically and—before the recent massacres—ethnically its own. Now the San Remo conference, it is reported, offers the Armenian mandate to America. If America refuses, the question of Armenia's boundaries will be submitted to President Wilson as arbitrator. If he accepts, he will be forced to draw the boundaries narrowly, for want of military resources to defend Armenian claims to any territory the Turks choose to retain. If he refuses, the Allies can re-

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duce the limits of Armenia as much as they please without leaving to America a single ground for protest. We may have a voice if we will assume responsibility. Unless we assume responsibility, the less we say the greater respect we shall command.

BY whatever accident Ambassador Johnson found himself at San Remo, he was treated by the Allied statesmen as if he had come by design. He was present at sessions, as a spectator, and presumably if he had any suggestions as to the American point of view, he had an opportunity to be heard. His presence may have been important as setting a precedent. Whether America signs the Treaty of Versailles and becomes a member of the League thereby, or finally makes a separate peace and remains technically outside of the League, both American and Allied interests demand at least informal American cooperation in League action.

BY a bill recently passed by the German National Assembly the railways, hitherto the property of the several states, pass over to national ownership. To Americans the transition from one form of government ownership to another may seem an event of minor importance. It is none the less a significant step in the progress of Germany toward centralized nationalism, as contrasted with the earlier condition of federation with preponderant control exerted by a single state, Prussia. That control was economic as well as political, and it found in the railways one of its most efficient instruments.

CAILLAUX, convicted of "commerce and correspondence with the enemy," goes free, having already undergone a period of detention corresponding with the magnitude of the crime. With his conviction Caillaux incurs limitations upon his freedom of residence in certain parts of France and political disabilities calculated to prevent him from returning to public life, for a time at least. How far Caillaux had actually worked against his country's interest it is impossible to determine with certainty from the press reports of the trial. But apparently nothing more was proved against him than that he had engaged rather recklessly in sounding out enemy views as to the possibility of a compromise peace, at a time when nothing better seemed probable and other Allied statesmen were also sounding out the enemy, but discreetly. What colored the facts against Caillaux was the reputation he had established for boldness and unscrupulousness of political ambition. If he could have engineered a compromise peace, he would have made the achievement count toward the advancement of his personal fortunes. His motives were not treasonable, but neither, in the opinion of hosts of Frenchmen, were they so purely patriotic as to condone the technical offense of commerce and correspondence with the enemy.

REVOLUTIONARY activity in Mexico was to be expected, since the presidential elections are approaching. It is a Mexican method of electioneering, more dramatic and less expensive than the methods in vogue in the United States. Usually pains are taken to reduce the danger of bloodshed to a minimum. In the present instance the center of revolutionary activity is Sonora, seventy-six thousand square miles of hill and desert with less than three hundred thousand population, practically inaccessible to invading forces except from the United States. Auxiliary centers of revolution appear elsewhere, but the press reports of troop movements and engagements offer no proof of anything like a determined revolutionary force like those which overthrew Diaz and Huerta, or even like the Villa assault upon Carranza. But the noise of Mexican politics arises opportunely for the purposes of those in this country who would like to make an issue out of "cleaning up Mexico."

McADOO has not formally entered the race for the Presidential nomination, but the chances that he will do so are strong enough to give pertinence to his views on the issues, elicited by a questionnaire of the National Board of Farm Organizations. He stands for a revision of the present tax laws in the interest of equity and simplicity. He would increase the burden on unearned incomes, and reduce the burden on labor and brains. On an earlier occasion he had committed himself against the excess profits tax. It is not clear yet with what taxes he would replace it. Certainly the highest practicable surtax on unearned incomes would fall short of producing a billion of revenue.

ON the railway question McAdoo is more definite than any other prominent candidate. He agrees with Hoover that private ownership is on trial. But if the railroads now fail to provide the facilities and service demanded by the growing needs of the American public the problem must be grappled with vigorously and intelligently until the right solution is found. We "shall not have to wait two years until the question is reopened." That looks toward a movement for public ownership. For it is beyond the capacity of the railway companies to provide adequate facilities and service in two years.

MR. PALMER will eye balefully McAdoo's condemnation of "the tendency to restrict or impair

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those great constitutional guarantees upon which rest the foundation and perpetuity of democratic institutions." He is "absolutely opposed to any abridgement of the right of free speech, free press or free assembly." There is only one fly in this ointment of liberalism. Postmaster-General Burleson is actively pushing McAdoo's candidacy, and McAdoo is loyal to his friends. Put these two things together; freedom, and four more years of Burleson.

IN the Georgia primaries Thomas W. Watson based his campaign on opposition to the League of Nations, to compulsory military training, to Palmer's "fight on the workingmen and his fawning attitude toward criminal profiteers, such as the packers, the coal trust and the steel trust." He demanded a declaratory resolution of Congress "reasserting the principle that Congress has no jurisdiction over the press, none over free speech, none over peaceable assemblage." He declared for Americanism "as measured by the Declaration of Independence, by the Constitution, by Washington's Farewell Address and by Jefferson's First Inaugural." He had no organization, no newspaper support, no campaign headquarters, and he made no speeches. Nevertheless, he polled a heavier vote than any other candidate. The fact is significant. There is no German vote in Georgia, neither is there anything that could be called a "Red" vote. Yet there is clear proof of the same kind of political discontent that is rolling up pluralities behind Johnson in the North.

THE New York Legislature has adjourned, leaving behind it nothing that is not weak and trivial and odious except the protests that its malfeasance evoked. Of these the one which proved most impressive as evidence of a new and vital force in politics was the protest of the League of Women Voters against the ring of petty usurpers who smothered the welfare bills. The usurpers were unmoved, after the fashion of their kind. Sufficient for the hour was their present authority. But every intelligent man who hopes for a political future in New York has taken note of the fact that there is a new factor in the political equation. An association which has exhibited so high an order of courage and political intelligence as the League of Women Voters has only to persevere to become a power for good in the state.

HANG first and try afterward seems to be the theory on which the Department of Justice and immigration agents have been proceeding in their dealings with alleged radicals. That is the picturesque comment of Judge Anderson of the United States District Court sitting in Boston. It had been proved in court that suspects had been detained so long as two weeks without warrant, under orders from Washington. "A more lawless proceeding is hard to conceive," said the Judge. "Talk about Americanization; what we need is Americanization of those who carry on such proceedings." In the same case Judge Anderson discovered that apparently the Department of Justice "owns and operates some part of the Communist party." An optimist may take comfort in the fact that if we have a Department of Justice animated by the spirit of the old Russian secret police, we still have judges animated by the spirit of America.

SECRETARY GLASS gained considerable renown by saying some frank and brutal things about the necessity of our European Allies' weaning themselves of the borrowing habit. That was a useful thing to have said, for once. It is not so clear that there was any use in Secretary Houston's repeating the scolding. "One of the great nations of Europe . . . . still is resorting to borrowing, is stupidly saying the money isn't there, and is still crying aloud to this country for rescue, as if we would send good money after bad—into the bottomless pit." Of course, well-informed Frenchmen know that an American cabinet officer is not a responsible statesman and that his utterances mean nothing. But the mass of Frenchmen might easily assume that he speaks more or less officially for the American people. The fact is that the American people, as individuals, do not shout that sort of thing to the four winds, even if they have better reason than Secretary Houston to think they are about to be touched for a loan.

AMONG the faithful Vice President Marshall is believed to be much more intelligent than his utterances would indicate. He misrepresents himself and is badly reported besides. At the annual meeting of the Associated Press—where he surely must have been well reported—he asserted the novel principle that native-born Americans have a perfect right to advocate a change in government, even to socialism or monarchy, but persons not native-born have no such right. By this principle Franklin Lane, if he conceived a Utopia however glittering, would have to hold his tongue, but a native son, however stupid or mad, could advocate any governmental abomination. Native sons would be justified in an inferior order of loyalty, since they are Americans by circumstance, not by deliberate choice. It looks as if it would be safest to select Vice Presidents, at least, from among the foreigners.

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Were America at San Remo

IF the Senate had ratified the Treaty of Versailles, with or without reservations, an American representative would have sat with the Allied Premiers at San Remo, not as an observer but as one who spoke with his full share of authority. He might then have worked effectively for the reconciliation of the European peoples, for the establishment of the conditions under which the work of the world might go forward. That is an argument often advanced by those who have fought for the ratification of the Treaty. On its face it is plausible. At Paris American influence, so far as it made itself felt at all, was thrown on the side of moderation and common sense. It is possible that without the presence of America the terms of the Treaty would have been worse, although not much could have been done toward making worse what was already intolerable. America at San Remo would certainly be on the right side.

But it does not follow that with all the conditions fulfilled that are implied in the presence of an American plenipotentiary at San Remo the outcome of the negotiations would be better. For all the secrecy that hedges the conference about, its general character is plain. It is a meeting of old style diplomats, in an exercise of the old style diplomacy that the war made odious. Nothing for nothing is given here, would be its appropriate motto. France has come there with the intention of vindicating her right to sending armies into Germany, if her national interests seem to require such action. She will permit herself to be restrained, for a price. England has certain colonial and mandatory interests to be defined and validated. She knows what she will give for them, and what she would give them up for. Italy wants her Adriatic solution accepted and something in Asia Minor and something in Africa. Neither is Italy there as a mendicant; she knows what she must give for what she would take. Venezelos, for Greece, traffics expertly in fees simple and mortgages on late Turkish territory. America, if she appeared in such a market place, would be in a peculiar position, indeed. She wants nothing but the realization of certain ideals. What would she give for them? It would have to be something substantial, if the voice of America were to be heard.

This, it may be said, is to ignore altogether the liberal sentiments of the Allied statesmen as reported day by day from the Conference. Is not Nitti working with all his might for a liberal and enlightened solution of the Russian problem? He is. In an interview published in the Times he declares that he wants to see relations resumed with Russia at once. Nor does he stick at the idea of diplomatic relations as well as commercial. "The one follows the other." All he asks is that the Russians shall not try to interefere in the internal affairs of the Allied countries. Is not Nitti doing the best he can to redeem Austria, Italy's hereditary foe, from her misery and despair? He is. As for Germany, Nitti declares

> She must pay what she can, but we must not demand more than she can pay. Europe needs Russia, but Europe needs Germany, too. Germany must be put back on her feet. Forces of production must be released again. The war is over, please remember. Forget it. Let's get back to peace.

What better sentiments could an American plenipotentiary utter from San Remo? He could second Nitti, but that would be superfluous. Nitti already has a second in Lloyd George. And it is probably true that Millerand does not stand so far removed from the same position. It was sweet to punish Germany and the Soviet government by denying them the opportunity of economic recovery. But France, like Italy and England, needs the fruits of German and Russian economic recovery.

That is the real force making for a liberalizing of the Treaty. The European nations, Allied, enemy and neutral, are suffering together under the blight of economic disorder. The visible proof of their common plight is the unfavorable rate of exchange—on America. If the condition could be remedied through some such expedient as an inter-Allied loan, guaranteed by America, the Allied nations might not need Germany and Russia. With America remaining aloof reconciliation must somehow be effected. There is no help for it.

A nation in the position of France might, indeed, be willing to endure whatever economic disorders might be involved provided that she could keep her hereditary enemy permanently prostrate. But France can not hold Germany subject without the aid of other Powers. England and Italy, seeking other ends, will not long back France up in a policy of Treaty enforcement that would seriously impair their own economic life. And with America out of the negotiations, France has nowhere to turn for support. Her only practical course is to seek safety in the democratization of Germany.

By virtue of the practical facts of European interdependence, facts recognized fully by England and Italy and partly recognized by France, the international situation is evolving toward a peace of reconciliation. It would evolve more rapidly in that direction, perhaps, if America were represented in the Allied conferences by diplomats as astute as those of Europe, who could commit the country to a compromise policy as definitely as Millerand, Nitti

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and Lloyd George can commit France, Italy and England. The evolution might, however, easily be retarded if our diplomacy were outplayed or if we left to our diplomats too little power to command respect. America might help in the European situation or she might make matters worse. The basis of diplomacy laid by the Treaty of Versailles is too shifty and treacherous to be secure ground for democratic diplomacy. When the Allies, whether by interpretation or formal revision, have replaced the Treaty by a document that is enforcible, and intended to be enforced, America can safely join with them in stabilizing the peace. In the meantime a considerable measure of aloofness will best advance the interests of peace.

The Open-Minded General Wood

GENERAL WOOD was asked recently by the New York Tribune to write an article on The Issues of the Campaign. He sent in an article. It is not an easy article to summarize because it comprises all the phrases of his political faith, all but the one with which he is most identified. The missing phrase is Universal Compulsory Military Training. All that is left of it is the desire that behind a small professional army there should be "some system which will give our youth enough training to make them quickly available in case of attack. What that force is to be and how it is to be built up is to be determined by the American people through their representatives in Congress." It is at least not going to be discussed for the American people by their candidate for the White House.

On almost all other subjects the General has an almost equally open mind. He stands for one language, though with perfect modesty he refrains from suggesting how he proposes as President of the United States to deal with the state control of education, or whether he desires a federal system of schools, or whether he proposes to abolish the foreign language press, theatre or church. He stands for one language. He stands also for law and order. Knowing the General to be a man of deeds not words and a hater of verbal message, we know exactly what he stands for when he stands for law and order. He is against riots, burglaries, arson; he proposes to stop lynching of Negroes, vigilance committees, to enforce the Volstead act in New York City, to enforce the Sherman act, to prosecute the tax dodgers, to stand against and sit upon lawless judges, policemen, Department of Justice agents, agents provocateurs. We must assume that the General means law when he says law, and order when he says order.

He stands for "the rights of property of the rich as well as the poor." He also opposes all class legislation and stands against an autocracy of wealth or an autocracy of labor. On the question of what constitutes "class legislation" the General's mind is wide open, but we defy any one to detect an idea going in or coming out. We know, not from the General, but from his supporters, that the steel strikers and the coal strikers were an autocracy of labor, but we do not know whether Mr. Gary, for example, is an autocrat of wealth. If Mr. Gary doesn't fit the specifications, we wonder who does. The General does not give us a clue. We know simply that he will be against the autocrats when he finds them.

Like the rest of us he is against the Reds. But unlike the rest of us he is not "indifferent" to them. He rebukes us for our "indifference." Now if we are indifferent, the explanation must be that the newspapers, attorney generals, preachers, professors and politicians have for the last year neglected to mention the Reds. As the General implies, there has been no talk about Reds these last months. The subject has been ignored. But the General knows what he would do. He would deport the alien Reds after proper judicial procedure. He would handle the American Red through our own courts. All this is fine, provided we can agree on a definition of what constitutes a Red. On that crucial point the General's mind is wide open. A Red is a person "imbued with ideas and theories of government . . . . which are dangerous in the extreme." This would seem to include Hiram Johnson, Leonard Wood, Woodrow Wilson, and Henry Cabot Lodge. We know what Johnson thinks of Wood, what Wood thinks of Johnson, we surmise what Wilson thinks of Lodge, and we have a fair guess as to what Lodge thinks of Wilson. Each thinks the other's ideas are dangerous in the extreme. We, too, think. We think the General's unexpressed views on Mexico dangerous in the extreme. Mr. Hoover thinks Governor Allen dangerous in the extreme. Senator Reed thinks Mr. Hoover dangerous in the extreme. Under the circumstances, therefore, one man's opinion that another man's opinions are dangerous in the extreme would seem to lack that quality of objective certainty which is supposed to characterize law and order. That is the reason why civilized governments have let ideas and theories alone, and confined themselves to punishing acts that were dangerous.

To the high cost of living the General allocates sixteen printed lines. He is against "too much speculation," thinks the number of middlemen "can be

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reduced" and is for severely punishing and vigorously suppressing "the hoarding for speculation of food supplies." What constitutes "too much" speculation, and how middlemen "can" be eliminated is left to future inquiry. The General's mind is open.

"Capital and labor" secure more attention. They "must" work together. "We must inject more of the human element . . . . we must recognize that the workingman . . . . is a collaborator with capital . . . . the employer must recognize the dignity . . . . and give . . . . every consideration due." How much consideration Mr. Gary, for example, must give to his collaborators is not suggested, for it is clear that the General feels he must not mention the labor union. But "the closest possible contact" . . . . and "arrangements must be provided which will work smoothly and promptly."

Space prevents us from summarizing with equal care what the General has to say about the budget, or business. . . . "We must build up American business . . . . spread the war burden . . . . strangle-hold of the excess profits tax . . . . and certain other taxes . . . . paralyzing initiative . . . . burden as easy as possible . . . . stimulate . . . . opportunity for business building . . . . private initiative . . . . wise governmental regulation . . . . protect those which need protection . . . . shipping under America flag . . . . expansion . . . . vigorous merchant marine . . . . farmers constitute a full third of our population . . . . benefits of modern civilization . . . . increasing interest in agriculture . . . . let us give the agricultural class the attention it deserves . . . . Department of Agriculture . . . . full and intelligent cooperation . . . . League of Nations with reservations which will thoroughly Americanize it . . . . sound, sane American military policy . . . . first class navy."

Can anybody take such a mind seriously? In all candor, joking aside, a great war has just ended, millions have died, more millions find their lives dislocated, the future is uncertain and difficult, can it be that any one can consider for the most powerful office in the world a mind so vacant as that revealed here? It contains not a single guide to action; it begs completely every question it touches; it is an insult to the poorest intelligence in the land. On no point is the real difficulty faced, on none is there the trace of an effort to use the human brain as an instrument of understanding. The phrases are strung along like beads on a string, to be counted off by the fervent. The General's article is the perfect sample of portentous language without intent or content.

It has the same relationship to statecraft that war cries have to military strategy. It is as if Marshal Foch on taking command had informed the army, corps and division commanders that the plan of campaign was to fight hard, to beat the Boche, to rout the Hun, to win the war, to be brave, to make the troops happy, to get the better of Ludendorff, to defeat Hindenburg, to achieve victory. Under such leadership we should have lost the war. If we adopt it in time of peace we shall have lost our minds.

Election Talk

THE experts are working hard to explain the extraordinary popular success of Hiram Johnson. When he swept Michigan they pointed out that his strength was an urban vote, but that he was weak in the country districts. Then came Nebraska. Johnson was strong in the country districts, and comparatively weak in the cities. For Wood to carry Chicago was a triumph for Wood; for Johnson to carry Detroit was a triumph for the Reds. The farmer vote for Wood in the Michigan peninsula was a vote for Americanism; the farmer vote for Johnson in Nebraska and Minnesota was Sinn Fein and pro-German. If these explanations do not satisfy you, then you can read that the Republican bosses are really backing Johnson in order to eliminate Wood.

The difficulty with all these explanations is that they do not start from the one controlling premise of the whole situation, namely that the Republican party is as conglomerate as the nation itself. Its members have no common convictions. They are profoundly divided among themselves, and there is no man and no group of ideas which represents all the Republican elements. How could there be? The following call themselves Republicans: Mr. Hoover and Mr. Thaddeus Sweet, General Wood and Mr. Townley, Mr. Penrose and Mr. La Follette, Mr. Root and Senator France, Mayor Thompson and Mr. Henry Wise Wood, the New York Tribune and the Non-Partisan Leader, Senator Borah and the Union League Club of New York. What is happening in the primaries is that Hoover sentiment, and Townley sentiment, and La Follette sentiment, and Thompson sentiment, and Borah sentiment, are making themselves felt. Official Republicanism may control the party machinery, but clearly it does not represent the whole Republican constituency. For at least ten years it has not represented that constituency. First came the Republican insurgents, then the Bull Moose, then the 1916 fiasco, now Johnson. The fundamentally incompatible elements of the Republican party always appear at the critical moments to disturb the party harmony and to reveal the instability of the organization.

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There are, probably, more "Republicans" in the United States than there are Democrats. But the Democrats, although they also have their factions, are so composed geographically that a skillful Northern leader can unite the whole party strength at the convention. With that unity as a starting point he can carry the war into the Republican camp. But the Republican candidate has to spend his whole energy trying to hold Republican votes. That is almost impossible because there is no way of pleasing all the varieties of Republicans. The real fight from convention to election turns nowadays on the rapidity with which the fictitious unity of the Republicans disintegrates. Democratic tactics consist in trying to deepen the inevitable divisions among Republicans; Republican tactics consist in trying to put putty in the cracks. The longer the campaign lasts the worse it is for the Republicans, because the more the candidate talks the more people he displeases. He is bound to displease them. What can any one say that will please at one and the same time a follower of Wood and a follower of Johnson, Borah or La Follette?

Consequently Democratic chances always look hopeless until the Republicans begin to quarrel. On January first every fourth year the Republicans seem irresistible. They have not yet developed their differences, and they agree on the iniquities of the Democrats. But then come the primaries, and the collection of delegates, the convention, and the campaign. These bring to the surface the incurable factionalism of the party, and expose all its weaknesses to the Democrats.

The internal quarrels of the Democrats nowadays are comparatively less serious. Based solidly on the solid South, the Democrats can make a daring raid in the North. They do not have to unite all kinds of irreconcilables. Internally united by the Negro complex they can devote themselves to driving wedges into the Republicans and gathering up the discontented elements.

The Solid South differs from the Republican Old Guard in this; the Solid South is content to govern in the South and participate in the spoils of a national victory, but the Old Guard is aggressive and demands national power. The Solid South will yield much to the progressive voter in the nation if it is secure in its section. Even when it loses nationally, it always wins locally. The Old Guard will yield nothing that is not wrung from it by main force. For when it loses nationally, it is likely to lose locally as well. Consequently the fight between progressive and reactionary among the Republicans tends to be much more bitter and permanent than the corresponding Democratic fight. The Old Guard fights for its very existence every time; the Solid South fights merely for a marginal increment of power and place.

What is called the independent vote consists of those people who are not completely loyal to their normal party alignment. They are the necessary vote for the victory of either party. They may be attracted by an idea or a personality, a platform, a prejudice, a grudge, or a bonus. The tone and value of an election depends a good deal upon the method adopted to secure this independent vote. Johnson is securing the bulk of it, partly on ideas, partly on his own personality, partly on prejudice, and partly on grudge. Hoover could have secured it, and may possibly still secure it, if he should happen to be nominated, and if he conducted his campaign with the vigor and the idealism of which he is capable. They are the only two Republicans who can hope to keep the independent vote Republican from June to November. Wood has never had it and never will have it. It would filter away from men like Lowden or Harding. The more they campaigned the worse off they would be. They would be racing against time as Mr. Hughes did in 1916. They would lose votes steadily from June to November.

Who would pick them up? Mr. McAdoo would pick up great numbers of them, for Mr. McAdoo combines a solid record of administrative achievements with the courage of a free lance speculator. He would be a very dangerous candidate indeed for any Republican conservative to deal with in five months of rough campaigning. There may be other Democrats, like Governor Cox of Ohio, who would take advantage of the situation, but they are still in the shadow of the White House.

The first opportunity in the campaign comes to the Republicans. With either Johnson or Hoover they can probably hold together, and if they hold together they will win. If the Old Guard prefers to dominate at the expense of unity, then the chance may pass to the Democrats. It is a difficult opportunity this year because of the animosities aroused by the President and of the usurpations of Palmer. Still it is an opportunity as against the Republicans. But though the Republicans are sure to win with a progressive, and though the Democrats might win with a progressive, only a very genuinely progressive campaign on real issues can prevent large masses of voters from turning towards third parties of various kinds. The Socialist and Labor party votes next November will, on the present outlook, exceed most calculations. Our own guess is that unless both old parties show a reversal of form, there will be a very large and quiet use made of the secret ballot. A lot of people will vote much more radically than they are willing to talk.

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Substitutes for the Profits Tax

EXCESS profit appears to the New Republic an eminently proper subject for taxation. It is the income from which the state can take a share with the least hardship to the taxpayer. A profits tax, scientifically levied and efficiently administered, is from this point of view a good tax. Our present tax is imperfect, but one-half the energy that is expended in working for its abolition, if directed toward its amendment, could make an excellent fiscal expedient out of it. But in the field of taxation there is nothing that is absolutely good. One tax is merely better than another as one death is easier than another. We are not asserting dogmatically that the excess profits tax is better than any other that could be substituted for it. We merely do not know of a better tax that will make up the billion or more that can be got out of the excess profits tax. If any one will convince us that there is another tax equally productive, and fairer and less onerous in its incidence, we shall transfer our loyalty at once.

Two proposals have of late received wide attention and much support among business men. They are for a tax on retail sales and for a tax on gross sales of whatever character. The tax on retail sales appears to us politically impracticable because of the high rate that would be necessary to yield a billion of revenue. It is a generous estimate that the aggregate income of the American people is seventy-five billions. Deduct from this, as the outside limit of spending power, all sums for reinvestment, all sums paid out for rents, travelling expenses, entertainment, personal service, etc., and the remainder can certainly not exceed thirty or thirty-five billions. There must be further deduction for evasions, and if petty trade receives any exemption—apparently a political necessity—the volume of taxable sales is not likely to exceed twenty or twenty-five billions. A five or six per cent tax would be necessary to insure a revenue equivalent to the loss that would be entailed by the abolition of the excess profits tax. Certainly the retail dealer would not stand this loss. He would advance prices, in the first instance, and he would hardly content himself with the precise measure of the tax. On large sales he might, but on small ones he would not. How can a tobacconist recoup himself for a half cent tax on a cigar except by raising the price one cent?

It will be said that the retailers' costs will be lowered since the producers will no longer have to count excess profits taxes in making up their selling prices. Thus there might be an offset to the addition the retailer would have to make to his prices on account of the sales tax. But we have yet to see anything like proof that the businesses paying excess profit tax would lower their prices materially if relieved of the tax. They might do it if they had no other use for the money, but as a fact, they are bursting with projects for using the money in the expansion of their business or in new investments. Such uses may be socially desirable, but they are something quite different from lower prices to the consumer. To substitute a retail sales tax for the excess profits tax, therefore, seems to involve an unavoidable increase in the cost of living. And that is something for which no shrewd political leader will lightly assume the responsibility.

The gross sales tax presents the advantage of rates that look so low on paper that it seems almost un-American to object to them. The Bache Review, which reflects higher financial opinion in its eager advocacy of this tax, estimates the aggregate turnover of American business at fifteen hundred billions. That includes many items, such as speculative transactions in securities and produce, which the Bache Review would never think of taxing in the same manner as other sales. Such transactions obviously would not stand much of a tax. But they can hardly exceed five hundred billions. The remainder of a thousand billions may be halved, for the sake of safety, and yet leave a volume which under a one per cent tax would yield five billions, almost five times the excess profits yield. What is the difficulty here? It must be plain that the consumer's ultimate spending power can expand into such prodigious turnovers only through the fact that most goods pass through many hands on their way to final use. A one per cent tax at each transfer would mean a huge addition to the final price and a great increase in the cost of living. That is not the worst thing about a tax of this kind. Businesses organized to carry the material all the way through to the consumer, like some of our great consolidated industrial concerns, would pay the tax only once. Businesses buying half manufactured goods for further manufacture would pay the tax several times. The tax would thus be a crushing artificial burden on the small concerns. It is hard to conceive of a tax more unsound, economically, socially and politically.

In other circumstances it would, no doubt, have been proposed that we substitute increased customs duties for the excess profits tax, thus "stimulating home industry and penalizing the foreigner." But as matters stand even the most incorrigible protectionist must recognize that our problem is not how to exclude foreign goods, but how to get whatever tangible values we can in return for our ex-

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ports. Five years hence conditions may be different, but the problem is one of revenues in the interim. We must, therefore, look farther.

How about increasing the income and inheritance taxes? Our rates on incomes are already so high as to make the problem of evasion a serious one. It remains to be seen whether the taxpayers will pay so cheerfully in time of peace as they did in time of war. We used to be known as a nation of taxdodgers. It is to be hoped that we have undergone a permanent change of heart, in this respect. But it should not be hoped so confidently as to make us disregard the possibility that higher income tax rates might yield lower revenues than we now secure.

As for inheritances, they could undoubtedly be made to yield a greater revenue. If our national wealth is two hundred billion, the amount of wealth taking the form of gifts, bequests and inheritances must amount to five or six billions annually. It is an arguable position that the greater part of that wealth ought to be appropriated by the state. But there are not many advocates of such drastic taxation of inheritances among those who are seeking a substitute for the excess profits tax. The present federal taxes together with those levied by the more advanced states seem to represent about as heavy a burden as can be imposed upon this object of taxation in the present state of public sentiment.

Those of our readers who are convinced of the justice and expediency of the Single Tax will have followed our analysis with impatience. Do not the unimproved land values of the United States amount to at least one hundred billions? We believe they do. Does not that capital value correspond with an income value of about five billions? We believe it does. If the state appropriated this five billions, would not production function just the same, or rather better? It might. We reserve the right to an open mind on this point, as also on the point of abstract justice in selecting this class of property values for uncompensated extinction. We reserve the right because we are morally certain that the Single Tax, whether desirable or undesirable, would never get by the Supreme Court, until the taxing power of the federal government is amplified by constitutional amendment. We are looking for practicable alternatives to the excess profits tax, for immediate application. And we do not find them.

The search for alternatives is an interesting employment, for those who like that sort of thing. It occurs to us, however, that those who engage in it ought to observe due caution as to the incidental effects of their activities. While the vogue of the retail sales tax was at its height, enthusiasts of the press thought they could prove that it was less burdensome than the excess profits tax; so much less as to be hardly burdensome at all; indeed, so little burdensome and so loaded with incidental benefits in the way of thrift encouragement as to be a net gain to everybody. That is just the tax we are looking for, clamored the American Legion. It is demonstrated to be no perceptible burden to anybody: the bonus would be a great help to the ex-service men. Behind the Legion stand the big navy men and other free spenders of public monies, to establish their claims if the American Legion can be driven away. Before we awaken fully to the consequences of the propaganda for alternatives, we are likely to find that it is no longer a question of either the excess profits tax or the sales tax, but of both of them and some new fiscal inventions besides.

It ought to be possible for all good citizens to join in the following program, prosy and dreary, but safe and sane: (1) The utmost economy, short of parsimony, in public expenditures; (2) Whatever is thus saved, to be applied to paying off the public debt, while the country still enjoys prosperity; (3) Revision of the income, inheritance and profits taxes with a view to greater equality, but not with a view to a dollar's reduction in aggregate yield; (4) New taxes, if any, to be devoted wholly to debt reduction. If we followed this program we should eventually arrive at a point where projects of tax reduction would deserve serious consideration. If we seek an easier path we are likely to find ourselves confronted sooner or later with a financial problem too complicated for such congressional committees and treasury officials as our political system produces. That is the condition of France today. It is not an enviable condition.

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The Failure of Victory

A Plea for the Reconciliation of Peoples

IT is a tragic thought, and a certainty, that all the hopes of the peoples who were involved in the great European war have not only been unfulfilled by victory, or, in the case of our enemies, destroyed by defeat, but that to victors and vanquished alike there is the horrible revelation that out of all that massacre and agony there has come as yet no promise of a safer world, no likelihood of long peace, no change in the old evils of diplomacy, no greater liberties or happiness for civilized mankind.

What were the hopes with which masses of men went marching into the fields of death? I can speak only for the French and British whose sacrifice I saw during five years. French psychology was simple in the early days of that conflict. They saw their country menaced by an enemy who had once invaded it before with fire and sword and who for forty years since then had played the swaggering bully across the frontiers of France, building up a mighty war machine which was always a challenge and a threat to French statesmen and people. They saw the most brutal type of militarism enthroned there in Germany and themselves militarized by a three years service, by a desperate competition in armaments, and by a network of secret treaties and alliances, in order to protect themselves.

When war came and the German armies moved towards the frontiers, the manhood of France, and the spirit of its womanhood, rose with a kind of divine rage. There were no "conscientious objectors," no pacifists, in France, though, before, there had been many in intellectual and working classes, but as one man the nation rallied to defend its soil, its honor and its liberty, and two million Frenchmen died before the struggle was at an end and the enemy was broken.

But on the very first days of that war I heard strange words on the lips of French soldiers, who had a firm belief that whoever else might live they were going to die. They said: "This is the war to end war. By our death we shall overthrow militarism and win peace for the world." Others said: "Never again will civilization suffer such a thing as this. The Germans are the last of the barbarians. When they are smashed there will be no more war among civilized peoples." One man, with whom I travelled in the first train load of mobilized men from Paris on August 2, 1914, vowed to me that if he thought the child just born to him would have to sacrifice his youth on the field of battle he would have strangled it in its cradle before leaving home. "War is a dirty stupid business," he said, "and if that is to be the chief purpose of life it is better not to live."

Those were early thoughts by intelligent young Frenchmen who fought with long enduring gallantry. Later, when the war had dragged on for years, when there seemed no finish to it, when new ranks of youth were mown down in the same fields where rotted the bodies of their elder brothers, many French soldiers, still faithful to command and to their own courage, though agonized by this long drawn horror, saw more deeply into the cause of war and found more enemies than those in front of them behind the barbed wire and the slime-plastered sandbags. They came to believe that although the Germans were the most brutal exponents of militarism, and in most slavish obedience to its commands, the philosophy of military force was at the back of all European nations and that the whole structure of modern civilization was upheld by the power of armies, and by combinations of armed forces bound together in secret compacts without the knowledge or consent of the men who had to serve as "gunfodder."

They looked away from the Germans for a while to the statesmen and diplomats behind their own front, to the newspaper men and commercial men, to the jingoes and breeders of hate, and exploiters of world markets, and financiers of wealth produced by labor, and said: "You also are guilty. We, who are going to die, accuse you also as our murderers. Your villainy, your stupidity, your poisonous philosophy, your betrayal of Christian ethics, and the old spell words of falsity which you put upon those who were ignorant as we were ignorant, have helped to bring about this beastliness. You are only a little less to blame than those Germans who were more efficient in the same evil use of power and in their hold over the minds of their people. We shall go on to the end, but after the end there will be a beginning, and a new democracy enlightened by the revelation of this war will sweep away the old frontiers of hatred, the old spell words, the old diplomacy, and arrange new relations between civilized peoples based upon mutual interests instead of fear and force."

So spoke the soldiers of whom Henri Barbusse wrote, and many whom I heard.

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The British soldier was not so eloquent. At first he went into the war, as afterwards the Americans came into it, in a crusading spirit, to the rescue, as he thought of other people, not understanding for some time that his race was also menaced and that it was a life or death struggle for imperial power, for the wealth of his people, and for the markets which they held. As the war went on he, too, began to think more deeply of the enormous world problems in which he was tossed like a straw above the bonfires, and he, too, with the mud and filth of war in his soul, with the stink of blood in his nostrils, with the sight of death about him everywhere, looked forward to victory or to peace as the beginning of a new era when the argument of war should be replaced by something more reasonable, and when human society should no longer be at the mercy of secret, stupid, or evil statesmanship, or of masses moved by instincts of hate artfully inflamed by their rulers for sinister purposes masking under the name of patriotism.

I think, indeed I know, that in many countries of Europe, after the armistice and during the peace negotiations, there was a passionate hope among masses of men and women that such a peace would be arranged as would liberate them from the old and crushing burdens of militarism and from the old fears which made them obey that tyranny. They looked forward to greater liberty as the reward of all their sacrifice, greater prosperity for those who labored in peace as they had fought in war, and a forward march of the human family out of the jungle of its hatreds and massacres to the sunlight of comradeship and common sense. . . . As everyone now acknowledges the Peace Conference and its Treaty did not secure that boon to mankind.

After all the millions of words that have been written about that Treaty, I am not going to add to them here by an analysis of its clauses or causes of failure, beyond saying that the old diplomats continued the fatal old diplomacy, each one struggling to gain a share of the spoils of victory out of the ruin of the Central Empires and their Asiatic allies, or looking to the immediate advantage of military victory rather than to the future safety of the world. The one man who strove, rather blindly, to counteract the sheer materialism of the settlement by higher ideals of justice and policy was the President of the United States of America, whose achievement, such as it was,—and frankly it was not much—was disowned by his own people.

In my opinion the failure of the statesmen to realize the almost divine mission that was entrusted to them, to create a new order of human relationships—the greatest failure in history—was most guilty and most damnable, but the guilt was shared by the peoples themselves because at this supreme crisis of their fate they did not rise to claim the fulfilment of the ideals for which the war had been fought, but sank back again into their old morass of fear, suspicion, rivalry, greed, and intolerance. In each country only a minority held to the faith that had come to them during the war and out of its agony and emotion; while the majority—as in England—allowed themselves to be thrust back into the jungle by leaders who could not see beyond its darkness.

In France there were not many men who when victory came to them said, as they had once promised: "Now that German militarism is smashed we will destroy our own. This was the war to end war." They thought only of destroying the power of Germany so utterly that it could not rise again in their own lifetime, and of paying themselves back in German coal and German labor, and German money for all they had lost by the destruction of their land. With England they bargained for spheres of influence in Asia, and believed they had the worst of the bargain. With America and England and Italy they negotiated for new and close alliances which should help to protect them if Germany ever recovered from their blows. Their quarrel with the Peace Treaty was not that it failed in humanity but that it failed in harshness. . . . . And from the narrow point of view of the old philosophy of life the French were right. From the point of view of immediate justice they were right. Germany deserved from them terrible punishment. By whatever wealth that was left to her out of her ruin she was bound by the old law of nations to pay, and pay. No humiliation that France could inflict on Germany as a nation, no agony due to the harshness of peace terms would be too severe, according to abstract justice, as a retribution for what France herself had suffered, not once, but twice from Germany.

But abstract justice cannot be dealt out to a nation without particular injustice. What was right according to the old philosophy of hostile nations was utterly and terribly wrong according to those new thoughts and aspirations which had been wrung out of the hearts of men standing in the stinking trenches under the flails of death. Where France, and the world, failed was in forgetting the larger vision of a new comradeship between peoples and harking back to jungle justice. Apart from all idealism, and in sheer hard selfish purpose, it seems to me certain that France was wrong and foolish in desiring harsh terms for Ger-

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many. There are many Frenchmen, and many Americans and English as their sympathizers, who regret that they did not take the left bank of the Rhine, as a safeguard against future wars. I am not one of those who think so, because I love France too well, and am convinced that the occupation of that territory would be no safeguard at all, but a direct and inevitable cause of a future war which France cannot afford to fight. Nothing that France can do will alter the increasing disproportion between the German population and her own. France has been weakened by many wars and by a tragic decline of her birth rate. In another thirty years the man power of Germany will be far greater in relation to that of France than it was in 1914. The possession of the Rhine bank with an immense hostile population in its towns would be no safeguard when German armies moved.

It is the simple, plain, and terrible truth that without Russia as her ally on the eastern front, and without Great Britain and America as her allies on the west, France will never be able again to wage a long war against Germany. Apart from idealism, therefore, and looking only to hard facts, it is essential for the prevention of fresh massacres in her fields for the children who are to be born of the little ones who are now at play in France that there shall be no war again, within half a century at least between French and Germans.

The only safeguard against that is not in a strong French army, for it can never be strong enough; not a financial grip on German labor, for it will be broken; but a pact of peace between French and German democracies. . . . . I allude to France first not because she is more militaristic than other nations—I think that before long she will be most anti-military—but because her position is so clearly defined, so unambiguous with that frontier to guard against a hereditary enemy. All nations in Europe are subject to the same alternative of policy—a new competition in armaments, a new network of alliances, the same old fears and intrigues and treacheries, or, on the other hand, a pact of peace with their neighbors. So it is with Italy, with the new state of Jugoslavia, with Belgium, and with England.

The pact of peace is best. Is it possible? Is it within the ordinary bounds of human nature? . . . . I think it is possible if the peoples of the world will abandon just a little—not very much—of their stupidity.

Take the case of Germany as it was in the days of the armistice. There were many people among the Allies and in America who would not admit that the revolution accomplished there was in any way sincere, or that there was any spirit of democracy among those defeated people, or that they had learned any new philosophy out of the bloody lesson of their war. For months after their defeat the English newspapers kept up the old war cries, still inflamed the fires of hate, still protested that the whole German race was already nourishing plots of revenge, plots to bring back the Kaiser, plots to raise secret armies in order to defeat the Peace Treaty. It was not believed that they had been in any way changed by the agony of war, or that they had any hatred for those who had led them to their ruin. They were not believed to be on a level with ordinary human nature, worthy of a place in a League of Nations, and from no nation which had been at war with Kaiserism and Junkerdom was there any offer of generous dealing with German democracy now that Kaiserism was dethroned and Junkerdom reviled.

Well, I saw a good many Germans during the war and after the war and came to different conclusions after speech with them.

On many days of battle through many years I met German soldiers coming across the fields as prisoners under our escort, or in cages after their capture. Some of them were wounded, some of them were dying, all of them had been living in the hell of shell-craters and trenches knee-deep or waist-deep in mud, under the intensive bombardment of big guns which blew bodies of men into hunks of bleeding flesh, until the range of fire lifted and they were surrounded by swarms of our men with naked and greedy bayonets and with bombs to blow them out of the holes where they crouched in terror. Truth was on their lips when I met them, for men do not lie when they are still trembling with horror and when their life is a miracle of escape. The truth they spoke was simple, and always the same. They cursed the war as an outrage against God and man. They had been dragged off, they said, from farms and factories against their will to take their turn in this shambles. They were slaves and there was no escape. The war had been made, they said, by the capitalists. It was a "Great Swindle"—many of them used that phrase—and after the war they would slit the throats of the people who had made it. . . . That was the general tenor of their speech which I heard over and over again. Others in a hopeless way protested that it was necessary, they supposed, to go on fighting for the Fatherland in a war of defence, now that they were threatened with extermination, and no one would give them peace on any terms except utter ruin. They could not betray the Fatherland, though the war was not of their making, and they had been led into it by the lies and

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wickedness of their rulers who had put a spell upon them. . . . . So the men spoke, as prisoners in the battles of the Somme, the battles of Flanders, and afterwards in the last phase of their defeat. The officers did not speak like that. To the very end they justified the war—they also called it a war of self-defence—and refused to believe, until almost the end, that Germany could ever be defeated.

When defeat came I went into Germany with our troops and met the people of the enemy. They spoke in exactly the same way as the men we had taken as prisoners. They said the war was made by the capitalists who had duped and betrayed the people, and played upon their passions and their ignorance. They cursed their war lords and spoke of the runaway Kaiser with loathing and contempt. Our men were startled by their lack of hostility, by their friendliness, and whatever hate there had been in the hearts of English soldiers for the German nation as an abstract monster disappeared strangely and utterly in the presence of German women who wept for their dead, German children weak for lack of food, and German soldiers who had torn their straps from their shoulders, their buttons from their tunics, and said, "the only good that has come out of this war is the German revolution which will give us liberty."

Our men, as I have said, found it impossible to keep up the passion of abstract hate in the presence of individual suffering, kindliness and common sense on the part of people who were no more responsible for the war or its horrors than slaves of a tyranny. These women who had lost four, five, and six sons, and now wept in wild despair were not guilty of the war. These children dying of ricketts, or white-faced after years of ill-nourishment, were not guilty of the war. These peasants taken from their ploughs for "Kanonenfutter" were not guilty of a war made by the thugs on top of them, except that they, in the beginning, had been drunk on the poisoned philosophy of evil with which they had been doped, under the name of patriotism and love for the Fatherland and the old sentiment of the German race.

So it was in Austria, as I saw and heard. Judging them as a nation they were condemned justly. They had been guilty of horrible crimes against humanity. Judging them as individuals, understanding the madness that possesses people when the bugles blow for war, whatever the cause may be, seeing the agony they had suffered and were suffering, these women, these ignorant sons of the soil, these children, these masses of starved and stricken humanity, one had pity. If one saw and talked with them, one had pity. It was only those who did not see, and whose imagination was not penetrating enough to bridge the gulf between abstract justice and individual misery, who could still maintain the fires of hate.

I am convinced from what I saw in Central Europe after the armistice that those people who were our enemies had really undergone a change of heart and were ready to cast off the old spirit of militarism and to rise to a new plane of democratic fervor in a society of free peoples. It is true that self-interest as well as the call to a new ideal of life made that their only hope. But if self-interest coincides with idealism it is a powerful combination which wise men should use. We should have used it by making a great call to German democracy to ally itself with the democracies of the world in a new order of human society. We should have fulfilled President Wilson's fourteen points in their spirit as well as in their letter so that the people of Germany and Austria, having shaken off their old tyrannies, should, after reparation, be left with hope in peaceful progress, and with the means of life and labor. They clung to those fourteen points until they saw them, one by one, abandoned and betrayed. They found themselves condemned to slave labor under burdens of debt which would make all their labor fruitless to themselves, and cut off from the sources of raw material. Austria, dismembered, was sentenced to death by starvation. Germany saw great populations of her own folk handed over to other governments, and her means of industry so strangled that only by violence of trickery, violence of revolution or violence of reaction, trickery by old and evil diplomats or new and crafty demagogues could she free herself from the vengeance that had been heaped upon her. Recent history has shown this peace of ours was great foolishness from the point of view of our own interests and the safety of the world. The disease of the Central Powers is a breeding ground of many mental and physical diseases which have a spreading influence. Their financial ruin makes it impossible for France and Great Britain and Italy and many other nations to be cured of their own poverty.

Germany, bewildered by despair, is swinging between the madness of Bolshevism and military reaction. The reactionary revolution that broke out in Berlin last March proved by its failure the loathing of the German masses for any new era of militarism, and the passion with which they stamped many officers to death gave the lie to English and American and French newspaper correspondents who had written that the German republic was a mere camouflage masking a monarchical and military spirit. But it roused that brute

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beast which awakens in men and women when they are hungry and when they have no food but despair. Bolshevism was proclaimed in the factories of Essen and Düsseldorf and in many towns. . . . . The conflict will not be settled by temporary truces or by small victories on one side or the other. But if Germany follows Russia definitely into Bolshevism, and the German masses ally themselves with Russians in a communistic warfare against the rest of Europe, then God help Europe and the world! It is idle now to say that some of us foresaw all this and warned our governments.

America cannot regard these problems with a detached and aloof mind as though they did not affect her. America is touched by them and her destiny is bound up with them. Is the spirit of America free from that ignorance, that prejudice, those popular passions, which created the madness of the war and have made Europe a madhouse since the war? I wish I could think so, but I see in the United States the same foolishness and wickedness at work which have been the curses of humanity in all its history. Surely to God, Americans above all other people, because of their traditions of liberty and peace and democratic common sense, ought to be wiser than the nations of Europe with their racial rivalries and old heritages of hate!

But what is happening now in the United States with regard to England? There is a propaganda of hate being spread throughout the country, of most poisonous, malicious, and dangerous character in which England is represented as an arrogant, grasping and brutal country, intensely jealous of Uncle Sam and deliberately hostile. It is the same kind of propaganda which inflamed Germany against England and England against Germany. It reaches down to the ignorance and passions of the same classes. I believe I am more able to say these things than many Englishmen because I am known as a friend of the American people and once or twice I have been able to prove my friendship as far as the power of my pen goes. Nor am I a jingo Englishman, believing that his country is always right. I am not afraid to write here and now that I utterly abhor the imperialistic ambitions which have been revealed by some of our statesmen in their claims upon the Middle East, which have burdened us with new and vast responsibilities at a time when we have not the power to support them; that I agree with the United States in refusing to be outvoted on the League of Nations, and that I think we are guilty of national hypocrisy in prating about the liberties of the small nations while we govern Ireland by martial law. But that is no excuse for the slanders that are spread against the English people in many American newspapers. There are millions of English people who also hate the additional burden of empire, who wish Ireland to have liberty, who desire the friendship and not the hostility of the United States, and who after the agony of this war with its heritage of tragic memories and present burdens, look forward with passionate hope to a world-wide pact of peace which will enable all peoples to develop their commerce and their national life without the fear and menace of the war fever.

Taunts in American newspapers are answered by gibes in English newspapers, bitter speeches by American Senators are cabled to England, and hurt, and are answered by stinging satire. . . . . Good God! Is the world not old enough to get rid of all that silly, childish barbarism? Has it learned no lesson at all out of the massacre of its youth on the altars of stupidity? Are civilized peoples to go on flinging mud at each other for sport, pulling snooks at each other across the frontiers or the seas, uttering provocative cries like dirty little schoolboys to each other, for the sake of scoring off each other in newspapers and political debates, careless of the horrible dangers which are thereby caused? Is it not rather time to understand that there is no such thing as "England" or the "United States" or "France," in an abstract sense, but nations made up of immense numbers of individuals, mostly simple people anxious to do their job in peace, having no cause of quarrel with other folk unless provoked by campaigns of hate, having the same qualities of humanity, in London as in New York, in Pittsburgh as in Manchester, in Paris as in Chicago, struggling to get a little joy in life, mating, bringing up children, in no way eager for imperial destiny or adventures of war, having enough trouble already in keeping the wolf from the door and the body from the grave. Any American who comes to England may be sure of a friendly welcome from a friendly folk. Any Englishman who crosses the sea to America is sure, as I know, of untiring kindness and "the glad hand." Why, then, this campaign of abuse in the newspapers? When there are differences of policy why not deal with them with gravity and dignity, and with an understanding that masses of people disagree with the actions of their governments and are not guilty of any policy which their governments for the time being adopt? Let us talk to each other as individuals and not in an abstract way as nations, as though all men in a nation thought alike. What Mr. Winston Churchill may say or do is not said or done by William Smith of Rosemary cottage, Exeter, who is pruning his fruit

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trees and thanking God for the sunshine. What Senator Lodge says or does is not necessarily the thought and action of John K. Blank of Greenwich, Conn., who is packing his four babes into a Tin Lizzie and smiling into the face of the world. There is no quarrel between William Smith and John K. Blank. There need never be a quarrel. They have no desire to kill each other. It would be very stupid if they did.

Let us cut away that canker of international jealousy and prejudice which has no reality in the souls of simple men and is a poison spread by sinister villains or stupid fools, in the political arena, the newspaper world, and the financial jungle. I am all for the simple folk who in every country that I know—and I have travelled a good part of the earth's surface—want to be left in peace in their fields and their factories with their women and their babes. It is they who are the victims of the villainy, and still more of the stupidity of those above them in power and place.

How are we to cure this evil? There is no simple recipe. A friend of mine said, "Let us found an International Society for the Suppression of Imbeciles." There is something in that. I do think, quite seriously, that there might be an international society of journalists pledged in honor to abstain from all provocative writing about other nations and to denounce as unprofessional the conduct of any of their fellows who are found guilty of spreading slander and spite calculated to disturb the world's peace.

I believe that in the United States and in many nations of Europe there would be a great body of men to support such a movement on behalf of world peace and democratic fellowship. Wherever I have been lately in Europe I have found that men and women who may be said to belong to that vague class known as the "intellectuals"—that is to say writing men of decent reputation, artists of all kinds, musicians, and cultured middle class people who read good books and have some ideal higher than mere getting and spending, are all thinking much the same things about the present state of the world as it has been left by the heritage of war. They believe in peace. They are not out to capture other people's markets. They are antimilitary. They have no hatred of other nations. They sympathize with the desire of the laboring masses to enjoy a little more of the fruits of labor, with a better margin of security in life. If the "intellectuals" of each nation entered into a fellowship for the promotion of the peace of the world it would have a tremendous effect upon the philosophy and ideas of civilized countries. It would be a safeguard against a revolution which otherwise will sweep across all densely populated areas of the world where men and women freshly escaped from the agony of war, or awakened to new knowledge by its calamity, find that nothing has been changed by that sacrifice of youth, that the profiteer is rampant above the ruin, that they are serfs of big trusts and the power of capital, and that the old philosophy of secret treaties, national rivalries, financial interests, and jealous diplomacies, is again enthroned over their bodies and their souls.

We need a prophet of God to change the evil in men's hearts, and such a voice is not heard above the strife and anguish of this present time when many peoples are sinking again into the abyss of despair, and others are behaving with an appalling frivolity because their time has not yet come. We must await a greater leader than we now have, but men of good will, not great, but true, and kind, and endowed with that rare quality which we are pleased to call common sense, might make a beginning in the way of grace. As a newspaper man I think the best beginning could be made in the newspaper world from which so much poison is distilled. Let us declare a war against the poisoners, and kill them by ridicule and by truth. Let us, men of the pen, and the printing-press, make a pact of peace among ourselves for the protection of all simple folk.

PHILIP GIBBS.

Public Opinion in the Middle West

I HAVE just completed a two weeks trip through seven of the most important states of the Middle West and I have heard and seen some things which I think are worth repeating. In my sojourn I came in contact with university people—students and faculty—by the hundreds, with editors, ministers, workers and common laymen of all descriptions and kinds. Everywhere I went I tried to find out what people were thinking on current issues, our international relations, including the League of Nations, freedom of speech and political repression, capital and labor, tendencies in democracy, and even the nominees and implied issues of the political parties. I have made such trips before, but what I heard on this trip was of a new sort. There are now other issues with other times. Eleven years ago I spent twelve weeks in the field and what I heard most about was woman suffrage, socialism, and the almost universal condemnation of President Taft, who had already, in the first few months of his term, taken his fatal position with Republican Bourbonism. On this trip I heard Mr. Wilson incidentally mentioned oc-

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casionally, but merely as one whose connection with events had survived their pregnant meaning. To be sure, one college president did arouse himself to the point of asserting that Wilson had killed the League by his obstinacy and a college professor disputed the estimate by Keynes which describes Wilson as a slow intellect outgeneralled by the astuteness and harsh insistence of English and French diplomacy. The rest was silence.

I do not recall this time having heard socialism mentioned, except by way of explaining some other idea nearer to the focus of public consciousness, or in connection with the general indignation at what happened at Albany. Yet I never before met so many people who accepted the fundamental theoretical principles underlying the radical or liberal movements. The economic interpretation of history seems everywhere to be an accepted basis of social and political thinking. The imperialistic motives and policies of Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and even of the United States in its Latin American relations seem to be fully understood. I did hear one law professor raise his voice against such an interpretation, but his protest sounded strangely anachronistic in the midst of the general concourse. The academic men are quiet and almost cynical in their acceptance of the opportunism and hypocrisy of governments in their suppression of democracy and free speech in behalf of the exploiting classes. They are in a middle ground, where they await the coming of a sort of "revolution"— not a revolution of violence but one which will radically and peacefully change things—with a degree of patience. But working men—both those who work with their hands and those in the lower clerical positions—seemed to be more impatient and bitter. Even where they were better off than previously, they were awake and disillusioned with regard to the hypocrisy and the blindness of institutions and they were determined to find some method of securing change. They suspect the professional classes everywhere. In one town, where a college president headed a committee of citizens which was attempting to arbitrate a local coal strike, the leader of the five hundred miners replied, "Nothing doing. You are a flunky of the rich. We know what we are doing." Frequently I found it difficult to get a chance acquaintance to talk about labor matters. The fact, that our immediate political future is tied up with unregenerate political parties intensifies the unrest of labor. As yet they have no settled policy of action. They recognize the futility of revolution; nor are most of them radical enough for that. They are brooding, but some day when there is indicated a clear path of action, either through radical political control or through some other less conservative channel, they will not forget.

I was particularly surprised at what I saw in the colleges. I was present in one college faculty meeting where for two hours the members spoke very freely and condemned unsparingly the methods capital now uses against labor and the consuming public. At the same time these men saw, for the most part, that labor now lacks the requisite social and political vision to give us an efficient and tolerantly constructive social order in place of the capitalistic one which, they believe, must soon be modified or come to an end. The cynicism with which these men and women accepted the situation with regard to academic freedom was significant. The worst and most radical charges which one hears about repression of freedom of speech I had substantiated for me in half a dozen institutions. One of the most interesting stories in this connection was of a dinner of well to do people at which the wife of a university professor was present. During the conversation she remarked that recently she was a guest at a dinner at which a number of young instructors were present and she added, "Do you know they were all Bolsheviks?" This remark was followed by sorrowful silence about the table, which was finally broken by a prosperous business man of the community who remarked, "It is too bad that it is that way. But we know it is true and we are meeting the situation. We are keeping a watch on these people and are gradually having them dismissed from the university—but not on that ground, of course." And then the group regained its normal festive aspect.

At this same university I was told that faculty men had been followed about town, and that stenographers had been sent by a business men's "citizen's alliance" or an "Americanization" committee to take down their speeches and that not infrequently extracts from these with protests were sent to the president's office, and even that in some cases professors had been called up before the board of trustees to answer these charges of radicalism. One university in the Middle West now has a committee investigating academic freedom in its midst. It is said that some of the instructors were afraid to appear before it. A number of universities have organized unions and affiliated with the A. F. of L. In one institution the union was supported by the most influential members of the faculty from practically all departments, much to the consternation of their unpopular president.

I tried hard to get some wind of revolutionary organizations, but nothing was stirring. Apparently only Mr. Palmer and the inspired newspapers know of such things. The most radical thing I heard was of an influential and prosperous mem-

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ber of the board of trade in one of the larger cities who said quite flatly at a luncheon, "The sooner we adopt the Soviet system of government, the better; it is the best form, why make such a fuss about it?" Working men everywhere maintain that our government is a Soviet, with the labor representatives left out. I rode two hours beside a district labor union representative who was returning from Indianapolis, where he had been to help lay plans for political action for labor in the next election. He was emphatic in this view. He said, "I am only an engineer, but it doesn't take much brains to see who rules this country. If labor doesn't organize politically it ought to be enslaved—and probably will be." Cynical as these men are about present political and parliamentary methods, they are not fooled by any half-considered revolutionary propaganda which may come their way; at least, not yet. I did not meet the big business men, nor did I talk much with their minor echoes, the retailers. The newspapers give their point of view fully.

The expressions in favor of political candidates were interesting. I met two or three Lowden men and at least one supporter of General Wood, but almost everybody I met was for either Hoover or Johnson. Hoover easily led all others in the universities, but he was by no means the unanimous choice. A powerful propaganda had been carried on for him everywhere. But on the trains, in restaurants and in casual street conversations Johnson was the favorite generally. I talked to a number of ex-service men and no one of them was for Wood. I expressed surprise at this and was given a number of reasons. The ex-service men were not generally for a military policy; the army officers had been extremely unpopular with them; those who remained in the army of occupation in Germany had been embittered by the unnecessary severities of the march from France and the hard drill—the hardest of the war—in Germany; this was a citizen soldiery which, unhabituated to military dictation and intelligent, was able to see national issues clear of military prejudice. Also they thought big business was clearly behind Wood and Lowden and they spoke of their campaign as analogous to that of Newberry in Michigan. As evidence of the big business connections of these candidates, they pointed out that the early state primaries favoring them had all been held in the northwest while the roads were still impassable for the farmers, thus leaving the balloting to the cities and towns where the business interests were dominant at the polls, while the laboring element often did not vote at all. They even claimed that these caucuses were farces, one man asserting that he had seen a watcher take a ballot out of a hat in which they were deposited when he was informed that it was in opposition to his candidate. They also pointed out that as the states further south held primaries and it became possible for the farmers to get to the polls the Johnson vote increased. The Democrats, while usually unexpressive, were not without hope. Repeatedly I heard the statement that the Democrats had a good chance to win, if the Republicans would put up Wood or Lowden or Harding and the San Francisco convention followed with a liberal and popular candidate. They base their hopes on the assumption that the mass of the voters are not tied to parties, but to issues and men.

The remarks of one of the best known free lance editors of the Middle West in regard to political tendencies I thought particularly interesting. Although a Hoover man—with qualifications—he characterized Hoover as "a thinly veneered conservative." This editor did not like Johnson personally. He expressed the conviction that the Republicans would nominate Harding for President, not because the people want him, but because he carries on the tradition of the party better than any one else and the convention will be dominated by conventional Republicans.

In my opinion politicians and others are going to learn something about the temper of the people before the year is over. Thanks to repression, we have had but little popular expression of opinion of late, but what the newspapers say is not what the people are thinking. And contrary to some cynical statements in the leading weeklies to the effect that the people are tired of all this discussion (which they well might be), they are turning things over in their minds as never before. One old retired farmer told me that, although he had been a confirmed Republican all his life, he had voted for the last time, had in fact not voted at the previous election. In his opinion the two parties are just alike and neither represents the interests of the people. I am convinced that there are millions of people who have reached this conclusion, however painfully to themselves, but unlike the old farmer, they will vote if they have a chance to make their ballot count. I heard many people say in effect, "Wait until we see whom the old parties nominate. If they put one over on us again, then it is time to form a new party and turn the interests out of doors." The people are patient. They also lack leaders, but one may arise out of this struggle. The most hopeful thing I saw on my trip was the extent to which the young men of the universities were interested in the new order of things. If I am not mistaken, they mean to see something through.

C. R. J.

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Our Stepchildren

ONE of the first things the alien learns in America is the liveliest caution about groups of people who are said to be doing a great deal for immigrants. These usually turn out to be people who want to do things *to* immigrants, eager to remodel the unregenerate alien clay, snipping off a language here and a custom there, teaching them to keep the Anglo-Saxon sabbath holy and to abominate Marx and all his works. In their programs the word "Americanization" is often mentioned. That word has, therefore, become the signal of patronage. Even where it is not mentioned the alien suspects it. What could be more innocent, for instance, than the somewhat awkward title of "Bureau of Foreign Language Information Service?" Yet it suggested to one alien the experience of a little girl who was told by the ladies of a New York Sunday school that she mustn't wear her hair in braids around her head, it looked "so foreign!"

This alien was deceived. There is no overt or concealed patronage in any way connected with the Bureau of Foreign Language Information Service, which is now a department of the American Red Cross. Every word of its name is honest, except one. "Bureau" is not to be taken very seriously; it has none of the ordinary implications of waiting lines and red tape.

For the history of the Bureau it is best to go to the director, Miss Josephine Roche. She, by the way, parades no flags, crosses, emblems, mottoes or patriotic rings, or publicity smiles. She is as unaffected as the way in which the Foreign Language Information Service has developed. It started as a division of the United States Committee on Public Information, during the war. Even this did not handicap it. Although most of its work was limited to the distribution of war aims and draft explanations among the foreign-born population, this population saw quickly that here was the link they long had been in need of, the missing link between themselves and the United States government. So after the armistice they entreated the continuance of Miss Roche's bureau. The government was deaf. Fortunately, different private assistance was forthcoming, and from May, 1918, to February 1st, 1920, the personnel lived on charity and part of the time served without pay. Then the American Red Cross took them over. The phenomenon of serving without pay is worth noticing, it is so rare in altruistic circles. The people who did this were not blessed with independent fortunes; they were the managers of the foreign language divisions of the bureau, most of them journalists with the economic status common to journalists. Moreover, most of them were foreign-born, although they had all taken the sacrament of naturalization.

This brings us to the obvious question how naturalized Americans are allowed to sit in a bureau financed with native dollars and deal with other foreigners who are not naturalized? The answer is the secret of the bureau's success. Someone, it seems to the casual observer to have been Miss Josephine Roche, was able to see the fairly simple truth that the best way to deal with a man who doesn't understand your language, your laws and your traditions is to get an interpreter, one who understands you as well as him. Then you can do business, especially if the stranger and the interpreter and you, all understand that you have come together for the purpose of getting and exchanging information, *not* opinions. Only on those conditions will the stranger trust you and bring his problems to you.

This is precisely the ideal and the meaning of the Foreign Language *Information* Service. In addition to the executive division it has eighteen foreign language divisions, each in charge of men and women who know the language and problems of the group they are dealing with, and who also know the language and problems of America. The list is interesting. It includes the following groups: Czecho-Slovak, German, Hungarian, Italian, Jewish, Jugoslav (Serbian, Croatian, Slovenian), Lithuanian, Polish, Russian, Finnish, Dutch, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Ukrainian, and still another group, uniquely by itself, the American Press division. To walk down the corridors where all these nations hang out their signs, peacefully, side by side, is to get a thrilling hope for a league of nations, and to visit them in their crowded little offices is to get that hope confirmed, because there they all are, or nearly all, and each is working for the good of his special group, and yet each is working for the good of the whole country.

But they don't talk much about hopes at the bureau, or about any such controversial matters. They are busy dispensing facts. They even have a "purpose" which is worth quoting because of its admirable concentration on facts: "The Foreign Language Information Service informs the alien in his own language about the government and laws of the country; it explains what the government expects of him, and what it offers him; it clears up his misconceptions and adjusts his difficulties. It also attempts the equally important task of giving the native-born accurate information on the foreign-born groups, and overcoming false prejudices and misunderstandings which stand in the way of assimilation."

This is a purpose that is strenuously lived up to. Into the bureau the government departments at

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Washington pour daily releases, and reports, bulletins and special data not on the mailing list, and the bureau sends it out again, translated, to more than 800 foreign language papers. And the foreign press uses over three-quarters of a million words in a month. More than 67,000 foreign language organizations (including the local branches) cooperate by circulating notices explaining laws and governmental regulations. Each of these gets on an average of two releases a month. One more bit of statistics will show the extent of the work—for the last six months an average of 4,200 persons a month have applied to the bureau.

It is impossible to go into every phase of the bureau's activities. The best example is its work with the alien income tax problem. The Treasury Department was hardly made aware that there was such a problem. They received no letters of complaint. No poor perplexed aliens called in Washington. But simultaneously with this happy governmental peace the managers of the bureau's foreign language divisions were rushing about the country, lecturing, explaining, soothing and writing in answer to thousands of agonized letters from alien individuals, organizations and newspapers. There was, indeed, a problem, and an exceedingly complicated one. The ordinary sophisticated American struggling with his income tax blank sometimes had to consult an expert; imagine the plight of the alien, ignorant of English. His hardships were added to by a ruling which made his employer responsible for collecting the tax, and the employer was often quite as ignorant as the alien. Even for him excuses can be found, however, since he frequently lacked instructions about the exemptions.

Two forms were responsible for endless trouble. One, form 1115, entitled certain non-resident aliens to certain exemptions. Very few employers seem to have known of its existence. At any rate, thousands of poor people who should have benefited by it did not. Form 1078 caused even more distress. It was a pledge stating, "I have no definite intention as to when (if at all) I will make another country my home," and by filling it out the alien received the milder taxation of the resident as opposed to the non-resident alien. This form was in English only. The employers either couldn't or didn't explain it to their alien workers, with the natural consequence that these regarded it as a pledge never to leave America, never to go even on a visit to their home-country. One of them writes to the bureau: "A few of us refused to sign these blue slips because we heard that if anyone signs them and takes the oath he will not be allowed to return to his mother country." Others reasoned further that this was a quick device to force them into citizenship. Therefore, like self-respecting men, they often wouldn't sign form 1078. Whereupon the employers sometimes discharged them, or else applied the full and unexempted force of the law to their wages, taking the tax out in a lump sum. In the case of non-resident aliens the law was often applied retroactively. Here is how it worked in the case of Peter I—, who writes to the Ukrainian division of the bureau:

> I do not know who is wronging us, either the United States government or the company. In my office they asked me whether I will go back to Europe. I answered yes. Then they told me I have to pay the tax. I asked them what kind of a tax? For the year 1918. I said, "all right, how much have I to pay?" $25.00, they told me. I said never mind. Then they withhold my one week and a half wages. I thought I would get the third week pay, so I could pay the grocer and the storekeeper. But nevertheless they held the third pay. I was supposed to get $15.58, and they only gave me $3.80. What will I do, poor unfortunate man? I went to the Superintendent and asked him for a receipt. He refused. Now whom shall I ask for it? I asked him whether I will get full pay for the fourth week. He said no. To tell the truth, I cried after I left the office. I really do no know how I can make a living.—Please accept my request and help me in my grievance. Is it the same proceeding for everybody, or only for me? Does America allow the companies to exploit the poor people in such a way?

Peter I— is rather gentle in the face of his just grievance, but here is a letter to the Polish division by one Michal, a Pole, which shows with the flare of a torch how revolutionists are made:

> Dear brothers:—What do you want to do with us here in East Chicago, and what do you want to bring us to? You know very well that a man cannot work for nothing, to have pay after pay taken from him. With what will a man pay for his living? In this way it is better to be under lock and key where you do not have to think about paying rent, or buying clothing, or about food. Not only that they do not give us our pay, but they throw us out of work; those who have no citizenship papers. Do you want us to go naked and die of hunger? If you wanted to do this way with us, why did you send agents everywhere for laborers to work? You tell us to work, but you give us no pay. There are several of us who are working for the company. Kindly tell us if we must pay for 1919 and how much for 1914, 1915 and 1916? In 1914 and 1915 we worked two or three hours a week, and three or four or five weeks not at all. And now they take pay after pay. No one wants to work for nothing. Kindly write me about being thrown out of work, and instruct the factory so that something worse won't happen. They threw out twenty-six, and twenty of us are such that have nothing. God gave the fish freedom in the sea, and the birds all over the earth, but from a man they always want some sort of papers, and they are always giving this one this kind, and that one the other kind.

From Michal's accusing tone, it is evident that he considers the bureau as part of the government. He can hardly be blamed. To the simple alien it must seem impossible that there is no channel

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through which he can approach the government that has power of life and death over him. Even to an American it must seem strange that a country containing sixteen million persons of alien birth, many of them unable to speak English, does not leap at a chance of having a means of reaching them. Theoretically everything points to the supreme reasonableness of making the Bureau of Foreign Language Information Service into a permanent government department, perhaps with the status of the Bureau of Legislative Reference. But practically there is the fact that in four months of 1919 alone, the bureau received and adjusted 4,197 cases of income tax injustice to resident and non-resident aliens, recovering for them $203,852.45 in over-paid taxes. Is such speed compatible with Washington? Not under present management.

Especially when one knows that adjusting income tax problems is only part of the day's work at the bureau. Its force is busy putting every government department in touch with the foreign population with lecturing, with writing, and with, perhaps, the hardest task of all—persuading the American press that every man who does not speak English is not ready to throw a bomb or to set a house afire. The bureau is really too busy serving the government to be part of it. Also the government might not allow it the complete freedom from opinions which it enjoys under the Red Cross. The premise and the foundation of the bureau is "facts not opinions." Only through living by facts alone has it received the entire confidence of the alien, and on that confidence its usefulness depends. "The editors," writes one foreign language editor, "may write truly patriotic articles, and receive compliments, but these articles can never take the place of yours. Yours resembles a school where the people are trained, educated, in all about America." One complimentary criticism appears often. A Russian newspaper writes: "If there is anything to say against the Foreign Language Information Service, it is only that the work of this institution has not been conducted until now on a large scale. Of course, it is a matter of funds. Yet, by the way, we cannot help thinking that if the government would assign the money which is being spent for the persecution of radical agitators to this service to operate with, it would accomplish more against radicalism than all the deportations can accomplish."

Perhaps the Red Cross will have more vision than the government had. If so, it will gain for the government a great many useful citizens. The files of the Foreign Language Information Service are bursting with proof of this; with proof that here, at last, something is being done for, and not to, the immigrant.

SIGNE TOKSVIG.

Freedom of Thought and Work

AN American liberal, a man of wealth, has recently conceded that existing industrial institutions are to a considerable extent unjust. This injustice he admits to be one great cause in the existing unrest of the world. The remedy is a more equitable distribution of the material products of industry. Yet in fundamental directions he thinks something like the present system is permanently necessary to get the work of the world done. Such a position is inevitable in times of transition. Practically it is to be welcomed as a step forward. It seems ungenerous to criticize.

Yet the step forward will be awkwardly taken and, quite probably, futile in its avowed object of dealing with unrest unless it is frankly recognized that it is only a step. Its significance is that it will make easier a further and much more far reaching movement. If not taken with a more distant object in view in may easily intensify class hostility. It will strengthen the power of wage-earners to make demands for a still larger share in material products, without creating among them a feeling of responsibility for industry itself. It will increase the bitterness of employers regarding the unreasonable, unintelligent and ungrateful disposition of labor, its willingness in its own selfish interest to throw a monkey-wrench into the entire industrial machine. As a "solution," the proposed remedy not only does not go to the root of the matter, but it tends away from it.

Would Mr. Hoover, to whom this point of view is attributed, be contented under the charge that the animating spring of his own activities had been the material products of his work? Men of large wealth are justly contemptuous of the idea that they have been dollar-chasers, or that acquisitiveness or security has been their moving principle even in collecting securities. It is a mischievous mistake to suppose that wage earners are differently made. Not idealism but human psychology proclaims the fact that man does not live by wages alone. What men need is an outlet for what is human in them. Not for any long period can they be bribed to be quite lacking such an outlet. At present, the period is almost zero. For the workers realize that increase in wages is now a testimony to their power; and an awakened sense of power is just what demands opportunity for exercise. And this means a responsible share in the management of activities.

In every new crisis it seems to be forgotten that the demand for freedom means a reaching out for mental activity, for greater scope of thought. This

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is the reason why the battle for freedom is never won, and why its ancient guarantees always fail in a crisis. They are outworn for conservative and radical alike. The former sees them used for purposes which he is sure were never intended, and the latter is interested in something deeper. Apply this statement to the present situation as to freedom of speech. The old legal guarantees of freedom of speech and publication are, of course, sacred, thinks the reactionary, but they have no bearing upon the existing situation. The authors of the bills of rights had no experience with the contemporary labor situation, and never contemplated the existence and spread of sovietism. Hence the ease with which civil rights, complacently supposed to be settled, are trampled upon. And if the masses take attacks upon these rights with less resentment than we would have thought possible, it is because after all they have an instinctive feeling that the center of the present struggle for freedom of mind lies somewhere else.

The hang-over of a war psychology of suspicion and fear is, of course, a large factor in the campaign for intimidation of free social thinking. The desire of a ruling class to utilize this hang-over to create a psychological reign of terror which will infect the timid among sympathizers with liberty and which will invade the courts is a large factor. But the existing situation cannot be explained by these factors alone. They need something else to give them full operative force. And this something else is the fact that freedom of mind no longer finds an adequate expression in political action, or in speech and writing. Large numbers of men have reached the point where they feel, and are beginning to see, that they can get true freedom of mind only when they can exercise their minds in connection with their daily occupations. Executives, managers, scientific men, artists have such freedom. Why not the others? This is the consciousness which cannot be bought off with an increased share of the material products of industry. And it also accounts for the thinness of the old guarantees of freedom of speech, publication and political agitation.

This is a new struggle. It cannot be cramped within the limits of old law. The conservatives are the first to learn this lesson, and it is they who are teaching it to others who, without their teaching, would probably have remained inert for a much longer time. By the nature of the case it is always the conservative who is most sensitive to the meaning of any new tendency, and it is he who by his attacks upon the new movement, instructs the masses as to its real significance. What he is now shouting at the top of a frenzied voice is that freedom of mind can be achieved only with the exercise of control over one's work, and that in comparison with this, freedom of speech and the right to vote are of superficial importance.

Like other advocates of freedom of speech, the writer has upon occasion used the safety-valve argument. A social crisis, a social turning point, gives the argument an ironic turn. That is just what a great new force should not want—a cheap safety-valve. Steam is needed to overcome obstacles, and it should not be wasted in talk that merely blows it off. Shooting off the mouth is an easy way in which to dissipate force. The reactionary with his predestined assistance to the radical, can be trusted, when any matter is really important, to prevent this cheap and easy road from being taken. He makes it necessary for men to seek for the reality of freedom instead of being contented with an inflated sense that it is attained when talk is unconfined.

Because liberty is essentially mental, a matter of thought, and because thought is free only as it can manifest itself in act, every struggle for liberty has to be reenacted on a different plane. The old struggle for liberty of speech, assemblage and publication was significant because it was part of a struggle for liberty of worship, and security of property. It is stupid to suppose that the older fight is cheapened when the presence of economic motives is pointed out. Men who had won their property by honest industry and enterprise wanted security against other men who had won their property by conquest and who wished to continue their predatory career. Their fight demands respect, not disparagement or denial. But it is equally stupid to suppose that thought and effort will always circulate in the channels then marked out.

Freedom of speech and of the franchise is now significant because it is part of the struggle for freedom of mind in industry, freedom to participate in its planning and conduct. Were not republics proverbially ungrateful, it would be safe to predict the erection of future monuments to Mr. Palmer, Mr. Sweet and others who have taken such seemingly gratuitous pains to make this fact clear to masses of people who otherwise would hardly have seen this fact for a long time to come. For we may be sure that the old guarantees of civil liberty would not have cracked so easily, even with the assistance of a war psychology of fear and excitement, unless something vital was going on underneath the shell. While the reactionary thinks he is shackling a dangerous foe, he is really demonstrating how superficial is a freedom of thought that can manifest itself only in speech and not in work.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Books and Things

CERTAINLY not, I should have answered, a few days ago, if you had asked me whether anybody, at this late day, could write about Jane Austen a book both new and worth reading. Today, having just finished Jane Austen, by O. W. Firkins (Henry Holt & Company), my answer is that Mr. Firkins has turned the trick. He has looked at Miss Austen more through his own eyes, and less through the eyes of her many illustrious eulogists, than any other writer I know of. Even when he is in harmony with the opinions of Miss Austen's posterity one feels his first-handedness. Not one of his more heretical opinions exists for the sake of saying something new. Whether dissenting or assenting, conforming or nonconforming, Mr. Firkins sticks close to his own sensations as a reader.

To use one's mind, when one happens to have a mind as critical and as active as Mr. Firkins's, must be a lively satisfaction. Yet the pleasure expressed and communicated in his book has not at all the air of being a mind's delight in its own activity: it is the pleasure given by reading Miss Austen's novels. Mr. Firkins does indeed say, in his eighth chapter, that "the correction of certain common misapprehensions as to the nature and extent of her truth to life is the main purpose of this book." But he also says, with characteristic good sense, in his chapter on Mansfield Park: "It is a technical fault perhaps that a book which scarcely leaves Fanny's side should admit a brief dialogue here and there from which she is shut out. I mind this very little, because I think that no *disapproval* which arises in the critical re-survey of a book matters much except as the sequel of a *displeasure* in the original uncritical reading." Impatience with "certain common misapprehensions" was Mr. Firkins's impulse, but his procedure has been to pay no attention to them except when they helped him to define and explain his own displeasures and pleasures. And Miss Austen never gave intenser pleasures to any reader, however submissive, however unwilling to discriminate, however willing to swallow whole what Macaulay said about Miss Austen and Shakespeare.

Mr. Firkins's main originalities are two. First, his explanation of the degree in which Miss Austen's convention and her humor tempered her love of telling the truth; the persuasive skill with which he separates her characters into those whom her humor has falsified, those whom her convention has falsified, those whom neither has falsified. He speaks of "the whole prolific and interesting group of characters in Miss Austen for which the formula is the raising of a single trait to the highest power and the iteration of that trait with tireless insistence. People are not like that, whatever Smollett and Dickens and Miss Austen may think." He says of her treatment of love: "Love was a fresh call to judgment, a new spur to criticism. Jane Austen, again, felt a keen interest in the vibrations and palpitations, the concords and discords, the cleavages and solderings, which betrothals induce in the environment of the lovers. She was precise in her drawing of the secondary or derivative traits of love, and her sense of its limitations was realistically keen; the primary traits alone were left in the cautious twilight of conventional assumptions." He doubts "if she felt a moral responsibility in relation to the truth of her works." "She loves truth, but not truth at a vast expense of pungency." "I think she portrayed truth, when she did portray truth, because she liked it—*really* liked it—without theory and without conscience, and I think this independence and unconcern in combination with real attachment is part of her strength. It may be virtuous to speak truth because it is holy or useful; but it is safe and fortunate to follow it because it is interesting."

The extracts give one an inadequate notion, I am aware, of the many strokes of insight with which Mr. Firkins supports his assertions, and I fear I can do no better by his second originality, namely, his insistence on Miss Austen's robustness, muscularity, directness, dash and recklessness, his belief "that in the comic figures, which include Miss Austen's liveliest and most famous characters, the *rule* is overcharge." She "was capable, as few writers have been capable, of shaded portraiture, and this fact in combination with the mildness of her plots and her pose [I wish Mr. Firkins had used a different word] as schoolmistress has obscured the cardinal fact that a large part of her best and best loved characterization is the untempered and strident characterization of comedy, the comedy of Molière, Sheridan and Goldsmith."

When Mr. Firkins relates Miss Austen's humor to her convention he says many good things, of which I shall quote only a few: "I know no one more obedient or less servile to convention; in her conformities she seems to ratify quite as much as to submit." "It is probable that Jane's respect for this order whose extremities and eccentricities she allowed herself to satirize was at bottom unshakable; and it was this esteem for the whole that gave point to her quarrel with the particulars." "Humor is commonly the result of the clash between two dissenting sets of values." "Jane Austen saw through these shams, but perhaps her humor was brightened by the fact that, seeing through them, she did not not see beyond them."

Of course I do not mean that you will or that I do agree with everything Mr. Firkins says: his book is too original, too much his own, for such poor praise. Even when no question of originality is involved, upon a score of minor points, I find myself disposed to quarrel with him. No one will persuade me that Miss Austen ever "wrote majestically," that Mr. Bennet's wit "is almost too consummate to be individual," that the zest with which Miss Austen has drawn John Thorpe is in any degree "hidden," that she is "almost inhumanly contemptuous" of Mr. Price, that Mr. Woodhouse is the object of John Knightley's "unrelaxing tenderness." When Mr. Firkins says that "nature is practically excluded" from "the earlier group of novels" I think he overlooks the description of Barton Valley in the sixth and ninth chapters of Sense and Sensibility. And I could wish he had found room to say, when speaking of Miss Austen's skill in games, that there is no record of her having ever been beaten at jackstraws.

Why do readers who like Miss Austen read her so often? Why, for example, do I reread her oftener than other novelists? I don't know. Mr. Firkins says she "is an eminent novelist because of her truth; she is a popular novelist because she possessed a delectable humor and because she portrayed love with vigor and pertinacity." In my own case I believe I should cross off this last attraction, and should add to the first two her way of looking at illusion as so large a part of life. "But the resemblance to comedy goes further," says Mr. A. C. Bradley, in the second volume of Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association, "it extends to the whole story. In all her novels, though in varying degrees, Jane Austen regards the characters, good and bad alike, with ironical amusement, because they never see the situation as it really is and as she sees it. This is the deeper source of our pleasure in reading her. We constantly share her point of view, and are aware of the amusing difference between the fact and its appearance to the actors." To this I should add, too, the everlasting pleasure

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Miss Austen gives us by drawing characters who are so alike and yet so individual, by discriminating with such nicety between Lady Middleton, Mrs. Allen and Lady Bertram, by making such nullities as Mr. Hurst, Mr. Rushworth, Mr. Yates and Robert Ferrars so sharply different one from the other. It is in this eye for "values" that Miss Austen is superior to Shakespeare. It is by this eye for "values" that she gives us, in spite of her small field, a sense of the inexhaustible variety of human nature. P. L.

The Receding Caste

A Straight Deal, or The Ancient Grudge, by Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ALTHOUGH myself an Irishman, and therefore slightly demented on the subject of England, I follow much of Mr. Owen Wister's book with respect—the respect that is due to any man who has intermittent allegiance to facts. He says that American "hatred of England is not wise, is not justified today, and has never been more than partly justified." This is, with some reservations, a fair statement. Mr. Wister analyzes America's so-called grudge against England—founded on school textbooks, on various controversies from the Revolution to the Alaskan boundary dispute, and on certain differences in customs and manners. His analysis, on the whole, is well-informed and reasonable. "England has been to us, on the whole, very much more friendly than unfriendly"—this seems to me a justified statement. It is only when Mr. Wister begins to draw deductions from these facts, begins to assume that the removal of a false antagonism is in effect the establishment of a true relationship, that my respect for his intelligence wanes. It wanes, and wanes . . . and vanishes. A Straight Deal, before I get through with it, seems to me a frivolous and fatuous book.

Mr. Wister's frivolity and fatuity are basic. He has his grip on the facts of Anglo-American history. In this region he escapes being a jingo and, what is more, he escapes being a toady, at least nine times out of ten. But once he tries to grip the facts of the world, outside Anglo-America, he is dangerously sentimental and at sea. The best he can think of is to manifest his belief in what he ignorantly terms the Anglo-Saxon race. This belief, which L. T. Hobhouse rightly calls "blind, unreasoning, unimaginative, callous, collective self-assertion," takes up that area in Mr. Wister's brain which might otherwise have been devoted to political ideas. The Anglo-Saxon race, he declares, "has brought our law, our order, our safety, our freedom into the modern world." To this insularity his book is consecrated, and on this narrow platform he tries to crowd his understanding of the Anglo-American peoples.

Nearly forty years ago the Anglo-Saxon formula was being worked by E. A. Freeman with a somewhat different end in view. Then it had a broad Teutonic bottom, with the general "civilizing mission" presented to Americans, Englishmen and Germans.

This old insularity is still substantially Mr. Wister's, except that now our Teutonism is decently veiled. All the emphasis now is laid on our kinship with England alone. "Beneath her wisdom, at the bottom of all, is her sense of our kinship through liberty defined and assured by law. If we were so far-seeing as she is, we also should know that her good will is equally important to us: not alone for material reasons, or for the sake of our safety, but also for those few deep, ultimate ideals of law, liberty, life, manhood and womanhood, which we share with her, because she is our nearest relation in this many-peopled world."

Does Mr. Wister himself manifest a belief in that liberty, defined and assured by Law, which "is England's gift to the modern world"? He promptly illustrates "liberty" à la Sweet on page 42. "We cannot, *I fear,* order the school histories in Germany to be edited by the Allies." That is to say, he would, doubtless in the spirit of liberty, dictate the school histories if he could.

What does he mean by a "few deep, ultimate ideals"? Christian ideals? Study his Christian ideals: "'Germany is beaten. Let us forgive and forget.' That is not Christianity. There is nothing Christian about it. It is merely sentimental slush, sloppy shirking of anything that compels national alertness, or effort, or self-discipline, or self-denial; a moral cowardice that pushes away any fact which disturbs a shallow, torpid irresponsible, self-indulgent optimism."

Such deep, ultimate Anglo-Saxon ideals lead Mr. Wister into a swamp. Toward the end of his book he admits the impregnable argument against international dislike. "The will to friendship—or the will to hate? Which do you choose? Which do you think is the best foundation for the League of Nations? Do you imagine that so long as nations do not like each other, that mere words of good intention, written on mere paper, are going to be enough? Write down the words by all means, but see to it that behind your words there shall exist actual good will. Discourage histories for children (and for grown-ups too) which breed international dislike. Such exist among us all." This is high ground to take, and ground on which everyone can meet who cares about a new kind of world. But does Mr. Wister really care about world order? Is he willing to pay the price when he talks against "international dislike"? So long as England is his topic he keeps his emotions in hand. He puts stress on friendship, kinship. He pleads against misjudging her. He begs us, when an individual unpleasantness is noted, to decline to generalize. But the moment he has Germany for his topic he becomes hysterical. His "grudge" becomes a sacred obligation. "The will to friendship—or the will to hate? Which do you choose?" Hatred, Mr. Wister shrieks. And he breeds "international dislike" with the proficiency of a Lissauer.

"Germany is at heart an untamed, unchanged wild beast, never to be trusted again," page 44.

"Wool and everything else will belong to Mathias Erzberger and his breed, if they carry out their intention. And the way to ensure their carrying it out is to let them split us and England . . ." Page 57.

"Let every one of us bear in mind that little sentence of the Kaiser's, 'Even now I rule supreme in the United States'; let us remember that the Armistice and the Peace Treaty do not seem to have altered German nature or German plans very noticeably." Page 81. This rectitude is mainly for German edification. When the empire is British, Mr. Wister takes a practical tone. "Tarred with the same stick," he calls America. And he asks, Who is without sin? "We got [the American land] mostly by force and fraud, by driving out of it through firearms and plots people who certainly were there first and who were weaker than ourselves. Our reason was simply that we wanted it and intended to have it. This is precisely what

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England has done," Yet, when Germany pleads "safety and welfare," and expansion, she is a scoundrel. It is only Anglo-Saxons who merit tolerance and charity.

To such empty triviality Mr. Wister has come. Has his fear of the Germans unbalanced him, or is that fear simply a rationalization, to disguise a craving for a snob's entente? I do not know. But it is quite clear, especially in his ignorant Irish chapter, that his mind is divided into logic-tight compartments, and that his Anglo-Saxonism disguises an ability to think outside barren tribal terms. This illiberality is iniquitous in its pretense of "peace and friendship with all mankind." It is particularly iniquitous because it works against a true liberal Anglo-American understanding without which there can be no solid hope of order in the world. F. H.

Virginia Woolf

The Voyage Out, and Night and Day, by Virginia Woolf. London: Duckworth & Co.

IT would be easy to mark Mrs. Woolf as a satirist from her incomparable brief portrait of the Dalloways toward the beginning of The Voyage Out. Richard Dalloway is a British M.P. temporarily without a seat, who, for the sake of his country, is enlarging his knowledge of the world by travelling, and he and his wife cross Rachel's story for a few days as they travel as passengers on her father's ship from Lisbon to an island port. They write sprightly letters (we see part of one), they bring out Persuasion to read on deck, praise the immortal Jane, and promptly go to sleep over her. The flow of their platitudes is amazing: " 'To be a leader of men,' Richard soliloquized. 'It's a fine career. My God—what a career!'

"The chest curved, slowly curved beneath his waistcoat.

" 'D'you know, Dick, I can't help thinking of England,' said his wife meditatively, leaning her head against his chest. 'Being on this ship seems to make it more vivid—what it really means to be English. One thinks of all we've done, and our navies, and the people in India and Africa, and how we've gone on century after century, sending out boys from little country villages—and of men like you, Dick, and it makes one feel as if one couldn't bear *not* to be English! Think of the light burning over the House, Dick! . . .' "

And Mrs. Woolf doesn't stop with the Dalloways. The visitors at the hotel at Santa Marina emerge in the same full acute light as they filter in and out of the story. She casts an amused impartial glance over Terence Hewet, who writes, he says, about as well as Thackeray. Even Rachel is allowed to make herself absurd, rather touchingly absurd.

Yet the spirit of satire hardly determines Mrs. Woolf's view. Her gift is a complex gift. In a writer of less capacity the naturalness of her dialogue and its lively intrinsic interest might be considered a primary claim to appreciation; it is brilliantly recorded. But she shows a strength of general conception in her novels which places her dialogue, like her touches of satire, and her fresh and instant picturings of people and their surroundings, where they belong—as partial and accessory effects. Externally The Voyage Out is the story of a winter's trip to a small South American resort which a few English people have discovered; it spreads something of a large canvas. More closely it is the story of Rachel Vinrace's discovery of herself and of certain human relationships; and finally of her voyage into death. Few novelists seem able to make death a reality, though the tragedy of loss is often amply rendered; but death becomes a fact, intensely moving, strange and final and primary in The Voyage Out. It becomes a reality in part at least because the existence from which it springs is revealed with so searching a penetration. Mrs. Woolf knows her people, literary and semi-literary people for the most part, with their fringing connections outside their own circles, loosely knit groups like the Vinraces and Ambroses, whose interests include shipping and the translation of Pindar; she knows not only their ways and the courses of their lives, she has the more intangible substance of their tastes and their traditions; she knows their feelings. It is among these people that Rachel moves. She is not cut off from life in the book because she is going to die, as characters so frequently are cut off in books. We get the most complete sense of her identity, rapt and eager, and a little awkward. We get a deep perception of the way in which she is bound up with life, as far as she can be bound, by her relationships.

It is the fact of human relationships which first and always seems to engage Mrs. Woolf; and her view is at bottom a tragic view. She is constantly aware that anything like complete understanding between people is rare and transitory, but she also knows that the establishment of such understanding is the perpetual human concern. The baffled efforts of Evelyn M. to display her enthusiasm and to win back to herself an enthusiasm in return are rendered with a breadth of humor, but humor is not the residuum of the portrayal; it is rather a sense of isolation, hers and Mr. Perrott's. The expansion of Rachel's consciousness of people, her shy setting-sail upon human intercourse, and the growth of her feeling for Terence Hewet are perfectly and delicately developed. But the intercourse is fragmentary, and death comes between Terence and Rachel like a seal of the separation which each was constantly feeling, even though it brings to Terence a brief illusion of union. Mrs. Woolf can note beautifully the spaces of understanding, but she does not pretend that they are frequent; and what she cares about is entirely the train of the impulse to create relationships, the lapses back, the substitutions, the sterile recessions; and she has her clear sense—for her given group—of how they all sum up. The Voyage Out is a tragedy, but not simply because of its outcome. Its whole intimately drawn group becomes its subject finally, and is seen at the end, gently but a little ironically, in the light of the elementary fact of separation.

But for all its tragic interest The Voyage Out is not low-keyed; it even has a slight buoyancy of tone, as if clear perception itself brought a continual zest to its writer. And though her basic conception is tragic, her sense of its manifestations is not necessarily tragic. Night and Day, her second novel, is pure comedy. It is perhaps less fine than The Voyage Out; it is not quite all of a piece as the other book almost miraculously is, or perhaps the ancient fact that comedy is less impressive than tragedy weighs in its effect. But it is an ample book. Of the secondary characters William Rodney is one of the erudite, self-conscious young men whom Mrs. Woolf knows to the last sensitiveness. Cassandra Otway, with her silk-worms, her flute-playing, her adorations, her essential honesty, is an unforgetable small figure; and if Mrs. Hilbery all but steps out of the picture at times as she half-poetically romanticizes, she still exercises a positive charm. The story is a romance, the unravelling of a romance; it is made

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by the complex of feelings between Ralph Denham and Katharine Hilbery. They too elude each other. But an irresistible effect of comedy mounts with the question of how they will contrive to get themselves straight. They become at length slightly ridiculous, but it is not this fact which produces the basic humor. It is rather the deeper sense which underlies all true comedy, that here is a compulsion—in their feeling—which is bound to make for some sort of triumph.

Mrs. Woolf has the diversity of power which makes the great writer of narrative. She has above all something of a focus, a philosophy, which is rare enough among the many novelists of scattered enthusiasms and large rebellions. She does not attempt to make it "cosmic." It has to do with merely human affairs. There seems little danger that it will bind her in her later work. In these two novels her larger conceptions inform rather than control her material. The most palpable quality of her work is its richness: in matter, in feeling, in commentary. Her gift seems to lie in the direction of abundance, overflowing with concrete suggestion, but ordered, closely centered, compact.

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

Harnessing History

A Brief History of Europe From 1789 to 1815, by Lucius Henry Holt and Alexander Wheeler Chilton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

TO write a satisfactory history of Europe from 1789 to 1815 is an extremely difficult task; and if Professors Holt and Chilton had succeeded in doing that they would have succeeded in doing what no one has done. Their book, however, is, I suppose, designed to serve as a text book in colleges, and perhaps a text book ought not to be entirely satisfactory. At least I have heard teachers say that Green's Short History is too interesting to be a good text book—students become so interested in reading it that they forget to study their lessons. The present book is not open to that grave charge; and for students who wish to study their lessons it has some obvious merits. The subject is presented in short sentences invariably conveying a literal meaning, without any accompaniment of allusion, humor, irony, or other unnecessary literary impedimenta. The apportionment of space is about what most teachers of history in colleges would think right; and the matter is disposed in that mechanically differentiated fashion which will approve itself to those students who like to know when they are studying military events and when political events, and who do not wish to confuse the "Conditions of Europe" with the "French Revolution." Finally, the subject is presented without noticeable bias, either for or against any person or any thing.

A text book should above all be strictly accurate. To what purpose does the student acquire an understanding of the interesting mind of Madame Roland, if he be allowed to leave college under the delusion that she went bravely to the guillotine on November 10th instead of November 8th. In these matters Professors Holt and Chilton do not often offend (I had, however, never supposed that the number of emigrés who fled across the border in 1789 was 70,000, or anything like that number); but I have noted some statements which, without being precisely inaccurate, seem to betray the difficulty of an author who has no more than dilligently "got up" his subject. I wonder, for example, whether Professor Chilton knows that the Cordeliers "Club" was a club in a quite different sense from the Jacobin Club; whether he thinks that the "Jacobins" who organized the 10 August were those rather timid men who still called themselves a Society of the Friends of the Constitution until as late as August 19th; whether he has gone much into the difference between the Girondins and the Enragés; whether he has in mind any definite personalities when he speaks of those "moderates" who got control after the fall of Robespierre—Barère, Tallien, Fréron, et Cie.; whether he really thinks the Two Thirds provision was adopted to insure a "majority of experienced men in the new legislature." *Experienced,* yes; there is irony in that word; as there is in the statement that "all danger of a coup d'état having been removed, the Convention dissolved." The establishment of the Directory by the Convention was itself something of a coup. Statements like these make one wonder how much detailed knowledge lies back of the generalization. And apropos of the Peace of Tilsit, and the relations of Napoleon and Alexander, I wonder how familiar the author is with the literature of that subject—with the works of Edouard Driault, for example. So many statements seem designed to conceal difficulties rather than to elucidate them.

Perhaps this is right in a text book; but I am again astonished, as I so often am in reading brief, accurate, objective accounts of the subject, that the French Revolution should have got so great a reputation outside of the schools. As presented here, it is so simplified, so externalized, so reduced to commonplace matter of fact, so purged of any sense of life, of the presence of human passions, of the baseness and nobility, the high aspirations and the cynical depravity of men striving desperately for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that I cannot but think the "greatest event in modern times" must have been really no more than six years of continuous disturbances entailing some notable changes in institutions. Excusable, no doubt, and on the whole perhaps beneficial, but after all rather tawdry and depressing. Professor Robinson once said that if history is the life of man in the past, the generality of historians may be said to "know a great deal about the past but very little about man." The present book impresses me as a narrative of events that might have occurred at any time and in any place, given a sufficient number of persons to operate the events. But I find in it scarcely any trace of individual Frenchmen inspired by the great underlying social preconceptions of the eighteenth century. I suspect the authors have been content to record what men did, without asking themselves why they did it.

Apropos of the factional struggles of 1793-94, Professor Holt says: "A curious accompaniment of these excesses was the spirit of irreligion"; and to this *curious* incident, the Dechristianization movement, twelve lines are devoted. Curious! What a wealth of knowledge this word betrays the ignorance of! A serious inquiry into this odd manifestation of the human spirit would take the author far—far on the road to a better understanding of the French Revolution.

Nevertheless, if any one were to ask me how this better understanding could be conveyed to students in a text book which they could conveniently study their lessons in, I could not tell.

CARL BECKER.

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